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NOMAD™

MAYHEM IS THE MAN-THING

SPYDER '93

DIRECT EDITION

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PLEASE COME. *PLEASE* COME. I NEED YOU.

YOU KEEP LETTING ME DOWN, ATHELSTAN. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *PROTECT* ME! MA *SAID* YOU WOULD!

BUT THEY KEEP HURTING ME! YOU *NEVER* DO *ANYTHING!* ONLY MY *FRIEND* CAN HELP ME. HE'S GETTING CLOSER, I KNOW HE IS!

I CALL HIM WITH MY MIND. I LEARNED HOW. HE'LL TAKE ME AWAY, SO THEY CAN'T--

CARINA!

YOU STOP WITH THEM TOYS! A *GROWED WOMAN* AND PEOPLE ARE GONNA THINK YOU'RE CRAZY.

I SAID, COME *HEAH!!*

NOW WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF US BROTHERS ALL *DISAPPEARED?* YOU GOT TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, WOULDN'T YOU?

WE GOT TO KEEP TEACHIN' YOU... COME HEAH, HONEY... I'M DOIN' THIS FOR YOU... PUT THET DANG TOY AWAY!

NEIL HANSON
WRITER

JOHN HEBERT
PENCILER

DON HUDSON and GREG ADAMS
INKERS

JIM HOSTON
COLORS

GLENN HERDLING
EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

CHOICES OF THE iN Me

Stan Lee presents NOMAD

AN EARLY FLORIDA MORNING; COLDEST MORNING IN WEEKS.

THERE'S A ROAD SMORGASBORD--ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL WERE OFF TO A LUMBERING START.

EVEN A COUPLE OF MOCKINGBIRDS--A WEAK PERFORMANCE FROM THE STATE FOWL.

ALL THIS COLD DULLS THE SENSES.

SCREEEECH

NOT TOO DULL-- I SAW FRED COMING A MILE AWAY--

DO YOU NEED MONEY OR FOOD OR ANYTHING, JACK? I COULD GET YOU A MOTEL ROOM, IT WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE.

NOPE. HOW FAR ARE YOU GOING?

JUST UP A WAYS-- MIND IF I PUT MY HAND HERE?

NOT IF YOU DON'T MIND ME STICKING IT IN YOUR ENGINE FAN.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT, FRED? DO YOU LIKE KIDS?

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OH, SURE. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?

I KNOW, I NEED HELP... MAYBE I SHOULD SEE SOMEONE...

A WELL-PRACTICED ROUTINE, AS SINCERE AS THE CASTING COUCH.

FRED, IF I HEAR OF ANYONE DISAPPEARING OR GETTING HURT AROUND HERE, I'LL LOOK YOU UP. LICENSE NUMBER FSG-28R, YOU SAVVY?

VROOOM

☆◎#

EXCUSE ME... ARE THOSE "DAILY BUGLE" JEANS YOU'RE WEARING?

NO.

TODAY SEEMS TO NEED A LANE CHANGE.

ONLY I CAN'T FIND THE SIGNAL SWITCH.

VREEEEEEEE

AFTER WALKING 20 MINUTES, IT ISN'T MUCH WARMER.

WAL, HELLO DERE, PO' LI'L LOST LAMB CHOP--HOP IN, HONEY. Y'ALL GOING TO TALLAHASSEE? I'LL TAKE YOU FAR AS THE NEXT TOWN.

THANKS.

YOU AIN'T FROM LOCAL, ARE YOU, HONEY? YOU A NORTHERN BOY?

WEST COAST, L.A..

I SHOULDA GUESSED WITH YO' LONG TASSELS. BUT Y'ALL FORGOT TO BLEACH IT THIS MAWNIN'.

WHAT YOU DO FOR WORK? YOU A BUM?

JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. I HELP PEOPLE IN TROUBLE MOSTLY.

WAL, I DON'T SEE YOU HELPIN' THAT *JAKES* GIRL ALL ALONE WITH THEM MEAN-AS-WILE-PIG-BROTHERS THAT DOES TO HER LIKE THEY DOES.

THAT PO'GIRL--THEM JAKES BOYS DON'T LET HER OFF'N THE FARM--I SEEN HER ONCE, PURTY THING.

BUT THEY DONE PROVE HER NUTS, IF YOU AXED ME, NEVER HAD A CHANCE, WITH HER MA GONE TO SEED IN THAT HOSTIPLE.

WAL, JACK, DO COWS HAVE TEATS? YOU A HUNGRY MAN, HONEY?

I WILL BE.

FERLIE, ARE YOU ANY GOOD WITH *DEEP DISH APPLE PIE*?

TELL ME ABOUT THE JAKES. MAYBE WE CAN SET SOMETHING UP.

I'VE NEVER RECEIVED A PLEA FOR HELP THE SAME WAY TWICE.

MAWNIN', SHERIFF. HEY, YOU BOYS COME HERE. I NEED A FAVOR.

SHE DOESN'T EXPECT ANYTHING. NO HIDDEN AGENDA.

NO MONEY.

I'M ON MY OWN. FERLIE KEEPS OMITTING CRUCIAL INFORMATION LIKE THE JAKES' DRINKING BUDDY.

YOU WANT SOMETHIN', YOU YELL IT OUT OR GET OVER *HEAH*, FERLIE. IT ISN'T NO SECRET YOU DON'T LIKE THE JAKES.

JUST YOU BOYS. YORE MA'S AN ANGEL. LISTEN UP, JACK HERE NEEDS A PLACE FOR TONIGHT.

WE AIN'T BABYSITTIN' *NO ONE*, FERLIE. WE GOTTA GET THE TRUCK FIXED.

SO YOU SCUTTLE ON OUT, YOU HEAR?

SEEMS TO HAVE A POINT, FERLIE. CETUS AN' NORLY 'R HARD-WORKIN' BOYS. NOTHIN' AGAINST YOU, JACK.

THOUGH I CAN'T SAY AS I PARTICULARLY LIKE DOWN-AN'-OUT DRIFTERS STOPPING IN AND LIVIN' OFF FOLKS HEREABOUTS.

WAL, SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY MAH *BUTT!* WHAT'LL YO *MAMA* SAY!? ALL HER LIFE SHE SHORE MADE YOUR HOME FRIENDLY TO PEOPLE COMIN' THROUGH!

YOU MIND IF I SIT IN ON A BEER?

FREE COUNTRY.

THAT YOUR SIX WHEEL DRIVE OUTSIDE? NICE TRUCK, KIND OF HEAVY UP FRONT; DID YOU THROW SOMETHING LARGER INTO HER?

MA DIDN'T WORK THE FIELDS, FERLIE. SHE HAD TIME TO PLAY WITH COMPANY.

YEAH, WE DROPPED IN A REBORED 460 FROM A CADDY, NEEDS A NEW PISTON, ONLY FIRIN' SEVEN.

I'LL BEETLE OFF, *CETUS*. YOU IMBIBE MORE THAN FOUR BEERS, YOU LET *MORLEY* DRIVE, HEAH?

IT'S ALL FRIENDLY NOW. FARM TALK, ENGINE TALK, WOMAN TALK. WE'RE OL' BUDDIES, OL' PALS.

WHY, **SHORE** I CAN SET UP HEAH FOR A NIGHT. TAKE **MA'S** OLD ROOM.

I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO MEET THE SISTER. JUST A FORMALITY. THESE MEN ARE ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

"B-BAD TO THE BONE," AND "LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT!"

THEN MORE SHOOTIN' TALK.

AFTER SOME SHOOTIN' TALK, I EXCUSE MYSELF TO HIT THE HEAD...

...AND SNIP THE PHONE LINES. COULDN'T QUITE TELL WHOSE SIDE THE SHERIFF WAS ON.

AN' THESE **PANTHERS** ARE QUICK TOO! SURPRISE 'EM EATIN CORN. PUMPED THREE INTO THIS HERE ONE.

I USE **ARROWS.** NAILED A COTTON MOUTH AT FORTY FEET ONCE. **CARINA**, THAT'S OUR SIS, SHE GOT MIRED DOWN, AND THE SNAKE WAS GOIN' FOR HER.

WHERE **IS** THAT GIRL? SHE GONE TO BED, WHEN WE GOT **COMPANY?**

WE GOT TO DO THE WORK HERE, AND TEACH HER **EDIKETT** AT THE SAME TIME? HEY, **CARINA**, HONEY!

I'LL GET HER.

I'M EXPECTING A YOUNG, IMPRISONED WAIF TO BE DRAGGED OUT IN CHAINS.

OF COURSE, I'VE FORGOTTEN FERGIE'S KNACK FOR OMISSION...

HEEYARR SHE IS! GIVE A FRIENDLY HELLO TO JACK, HONEY, HE'S VISITIN' FOR THE NIGHT.

UH...HELLO--

SHE'S GETTIN' PAMPERED UP FOR SLEEP, BUT I'M SHURE SHE'LL GO FOR A LITTLE FUNNIN' FIRST, HEY, LITTLE SIS?

UH...

YEAA-HAWWWW! SWING YORE PARDNER ROUND AN' ROUND! HOLD ON, SIS!

SPIN HER, CETE! YEE-HAWWW!

;WHEW;- TIME FOR ANOTHER COOL ONE. I'LL GET YOU ONE, HONEY.

UH...NO, I WANT TO-- I'M TIRED...

I'LL TAKE HER BACK...

YOU TOUCH THET CHAIR, JACK, AN' THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE.

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING ALL NIGHT FOR THIS.

SO HAVE I.

TIME TO ROCK AND ROLL.

GET 'IM, CETE! HE WANTS CARINA!

:UNH!:

KWONK

Skitch

ALWAYS DID WANT TO MEET SOME SICKO LIKE YOU, BOY. SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK!

CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH OUR SIS!

KANK

JUST HELP HER.

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME HELPING YOURSELVES, YOU DON'T HEAR WHAT SHE WANTS...

...BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT WHAT YOU'RE GIVING HER--

SICKO BOY! WUHH!

THWODD

--WHATEVER THAT IS.

CAKK

THESE GUYS WOULD BE FORMIDABLE AT MOST PUBS.

THONK

BUT TRAINED MOVEMENTS ARE INVISIBLE TO THEM. IT'S OVER QUICKLY.

WE'RE DOING *RIGHT* BY HER, BOY! YOU DON'T KNOW THE SCORE--

OR IS IT? FOOTSTEPS ON THE PORCH--AT LEAST THREE PEOPLE...

NORLEY, WHUT IN HAYULL AIR YOU BOYS UP TO? WRASSLIN' AGIN?

WHO'S *THAT*?

M-MY BROTHER, GRUS--YOU'RE NOT THE ONE I CALLED--WH--WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHOSE *PACK* IS THIS? WE GOT *COMPANY*?

DONK

I WANT TO HELP YOU GET AWAY FROM HERE. STAY IN YOUR ROOM, SO I CAN--

I'M SORRY! SORRY-- I'M SORRY, SIR--GRUS! HELP!

THE SHAPES ARE BLURS; BIG BLURS.

WHUT IN THE HAYULL IS GOIN' ON HEAH?

I SHAKE MY HEAD LIKE A WET DOG, BUT EVERYTHING'S SIDEWAYS.

GRUS, I SEEN THIS FELLER IN THE "BOX" S'MAWNIN' WIT' YORE BROTHERS. LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYIN' FOR YORE SIS, AN' GAWL KNOWS WHAT ELSE!?

THET'LL BE HARD TO DO WITH A BROKE BODY! TIE INTO 'IM!

I ROLL WITH IT INSTINCTIVELY, SO THE RIBS DON'T BREAK ALL THE WAY THROUGH.

WONK

IF I CAN ROLL WITH IT LONG ENOUGH, I'LL GET SOME BALANCE BACK.

BUT IT ISN'T WORKING-- THE SPARKS JUST GET THICKER.

KICK THE SON TILL HE RATTLES INSIDE!

IIIEEEYAAAH!

WHAT TH--

NOW IT'S ALL DISTORTED, ALL A FUZZ...

ALL A MESS OF CONFUSED, NIGHTMARISH APPARITIONS--

I DON'T KNOW IF I SAW WHAT I SAW BEFORE OR *AFTER* THE LAST KICK SENT MY HEAD AGAINST THE COFFEE TABLE.

YEEEAAHHR!

OH, YOU'RE *HERE!* YOU'VE *COME!*

C-CALL THE SHERIFF! THAT THING MUST'VE OVERTURNED THE TRUCKS BEFORE IT CAME IN!

THE PHONE'S DAID!

CANAL'S HIGH LATELY-- TAKE HIM INTO THE NEXT COUNTY.

AAAAH! GET SOME WATER!

WOK

@#! WE NEED MORE FIREPOWER, IKE! YOU FETCH THE *TRACTOR*! MAYBE WE CAN RAM IT!

@#! *SICKO* WAS WORKING WITH THAT THING!

AND HE'LL BE SO FULL OF SNAKE JUICE THERE WON'T BE ANY QUESTIONS.

SPLOOSH

CHG CHG CHG

EARLE'S GOT THAT THING GOING! LET'S MOVE!

TAKE ME! SAVE ME!

AS I QUICKLY SINK TO BLACK, I CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A PLAY YOU'D SEE ONLY ON A STAGE IN HADES.

BLAM

BLAM

BORE THET THING, IKE! I ONLY GOT TWO BARRELS!

WHAT'S-- GOING ON?

I'LL SAVE YOU, HONEY! I'LL GIT YOU SAFE FROM THAT DEVIL!

NOOO! HELP!!!

BLAM

BLAM

I'M GITTIN' HER OUTAH HEAH, HOLD THET THING BACK A MOMENT!

STOP! NO, I WANT HIM, HE'S MY FRIEND!

BLAM

SHE'S LOST IT ALL, MORLEY! SHOOT HIGH, I'LL TACKLE IT! HE AIN'T GETTIN' TO THEM!

POW

DON'T TOUCH THET THING, CETE! IT BURNS! GIT BACK IN HEAH!

SHORE AN' YOU'D TRY JUST ABOUT *ANYTHING* TO GET OUTTA TASTIN' MAH APPLE PIE, JACK.

...FERLIE-- WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

I DIDN'T TRUST THEM BOYS, SO I PARKED AN' WATCHED.

WHEN GRUS DONE SHOWED UP, THEN THET *CREATURE* I SHORE WASN'T GETTIN *MAH* PO' CHEEKS IN THE CROSSFIRE!

SO IT WAS *REAL.*

I REMEMBER READING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT LIVES NEAR THE EVERGLADES, BUT THAT'S A LONG WAYS.

HONEY, ALL THEM CRISS-CROSSIN' 'TWEEN'D HERE AND THERE, YOU COULD *SWIM* TO THE GLADES.

IT KILLED ONE AN' BURNT ANOTHER WHO SAYS THAT CREATURE WAS TRYIN' TO GET THE GIRL. GRUS RAN HER AWAY, AN' THAT THING TAKEN OUT AFTER THEM.

WE'LL HAVE TO ASSUME IT GOT TO HER.

SO EITHER WE'RE TOO LATE...OR IT WANTS HER ALIVE, WHICH *MIGHT* GIVE US A CHANCE.

DON'T SEE'S HOW. THEY WENT EAST. BUT GAWL KNOWS *WHERE*...

SHE WOULD NEED *FOOD.* IS THERE A GROCERY STORE OR GAS STATION ANYWHERE CLOSE TO THE CANAL?

I READ YOU, HONEY. I KNOW A COUPLE...

STOP! STOP! HE'S MY FRIEND!

IT'S OKAY, CARINA, -PUFF- IT'S OKAY, L'IL SISTER. -WHEEZE-

MA ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D GO ALL THE WAY. -PUF PUF- GUESS ALL THET WAS A BIT TOO MUCH.

-PUFF PUFF- IT WAS MOVIN' PURTY SLOW -KAFF- BUT EVEN WITH ALL THIS WINDIN' ROAD -WHEEZE- I'LL STILL GET YOU TO TOWN SAFE!

PUT ME *DOWN*, HE'S HERE TO *SAVE* ME! I *CALLED* HIM!

SAVE YOU FROM *WHAT*, CARINA? -PUF PUF- AIN'T NOTHIN' BAD AROUND HERE, AN' YOU GOT YORE *BROTHERS* TO PROTECT YOU!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT, CAR, WE WUZ HUNTIN' LATE. IF I'D'A ONLY GOT HOME SOONER! I'LL -PUFF- MAKE IT UP TO YA, SIS!

JUST *STOP*, GRUS, TAKE ME *BACK*!

EEEEEE!

KRA-KOOM

NOOO! NOT GRUS! HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE OTHERS WERE DOING TO ME!

SPROOLSH

NOOOOO!

PLEASE... YOU'RE MY FRIEND-- AREN'T YOU?

... I CALLED FOR YOU--YOU CAME TO SAVE ME, DIDN'T YOU?

... AREN'T YOU MY FRIEND?

SOMETIMES NEAR THE END OF THE LINE, ALL I CAN DO IS BET EVERYTHING ON SOME SMALL HOPE.

CAN'T TURN BACK AND STILL LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

CAN'T GO FORWARD, BECAUSE THERE'S NO TRAIL.

JUST SIT STILL, KNOWING I PLAYED THE BEST I COULD, AND SEE HOW THE GAME PLAYS THROUGH.

JACK!

SSSHH!

DON'T YOU SHUSH *ME*, CHILE. THAT AIN'T SWAMP GAS ARISIN' BEHIND THERE!

NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' SO CHILLIN' AS THAT ON *THIS* WORLD! I AIN'T NEVER SLEEPIN' *AGAIN!*

I DON'T SEE THE GIRL!

SHE MUST BE BEHIND ON THE BANK! YOU LOOK, I'LL HIT THAT THING WITH THE TRUCK!

MAH PO' TRUCK! YOU TAKE THE CAKE, HONEY!

WHEN MY PLAY IS A WINNER, I KEEP THE MOTION GOING FORWARD, FAST AND HARD!

KFLAMM

AND RAISE THE ANTE, FASTER, HARDER, WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT.

TOO LITTLE WOULON'T BE ENOUGH.

MAYBE TOO MUCH WON'T EVEN BE ENOUGH...

SPLOOSH

WHAT *IS* THIS THING?! HE'S SUCKING HIMSELF BACK TOGETHER!

FERLIE! YOU SEE HER?!

SHORE DO, HONEY, I'M ON MY WAY!

GO! GO! I CAN'T WIN THIS ONE!

BLAM

THOUGH NOT LONG, I'M RIDING ON EMPTY WITH A BATTERED BODY AND RIBS THAT NEED TAPING. FIGHTING A PLANT CREATURE THAT CAN'T BE HURT!

SPLOOSH

QUIT YO' FIGHTIN', CHILE! I'M HELPIN' YOU! DEM MENS CAN KEEP KILLING THEMSELVES, BUT I'LL GET US SAFE!

STOP IT! WON'T ANYONE LISTEN TO ME?! ***STOP IT!*** I WANT MY FRIEND!

BUT I CAN KEEP IT BUSY!

LET ME DO WHAT I WANT!

WAL, CARINA, YO HAID'S ALL BENT, YOU CAN'T SEE ALL THIS CLEARLY, CHILE! WE'LL GET YOU SAFE, TO A *HOME*...

THIS IS CRAZY.

THIS THING ISN'T ATTACKING ME, IT'S TRYING TO GET TO THE GIRL.

FERLIE ISN'T FAST ENOUGH OR STRONG ENOUGH.

I'LL DIE AND NOTHING WILL CHANGE.

CLAWS STARTING TO BURN--LIKE **CETUS**, WHEN HE WAS **SCARED** WITLESS.

ONLY CHANCE IS TO STOP FIGHTING.

RELAX.

RELAX AND HE LETS ME GO.

GAWL SAKES--IT'S A-*COMIN'*! WE GOT TO GET AWAY!

NO! I'M STAYING! I KEEP TELLING YOU, I WANT MY *FRIEND!*

FRIEND! FRIEND!

DON'T WANT TO *HIT* YOU, CHILE, BUT I JUST *GOT* TO...

JACK, WE CAN'T GIVE UP, WE GOT TO--

-SPAAAAGH!- STOP FIGHTING WITH HER! THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT MAD!

THERE'S *NO CHOICE*, FERLIE! *LOOK* AT IT, IT ISN'T THREATENING HER, JUST KEEPING US FROM HER!

LET *HER* DECIDE!

FRIEND!

JUST RELAX, WE'RE ALL RAILROADING HER FORWARD, SHOWING HER WHAT'S RIGHT FOR HER...

...WHEN SHE ALREADY KNOWS.

WOULDN'T BE MY CHOICE, AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT...

LIKE IT OR NOT, I'VE BEEN FORCED TO RESPECT IT.

BECAUSE YOU ALL ENJOYED RAVISHING RICK MAYS'S VERSION OF THE DASHING DOMINO LAST ISSUE, HE TREATED US WITH A PULSE-POUNDING PIN-UP OF HER FOR THIS ISSUE. ENJOY!

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — SCOTT MARSHALL: ASSISTANT EDITOR

C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Dear ONE,

I'm thirty years old, and I have been collecting comics since 1973. I currently buy 46 of your publications. NOMAD is one of my top ten favorites.

In the twenty years I have been enjoying comics, never (and I mean never) has a story made me cry. That is, until now. When I saw Bucky hug Jack and say "Da-da," I broke down and cried.

Please don't let Bucky leave Jack. They belong together. They need each other. Ummm, maybe I need them together. Please reunite them in the near future.

And another thing. How could you cut off Jack's hair? That hair was Jack.

Shawn Gwilt
P.O. Box 3832
Syracuse, NY 13220

Gee, the hair was Jack? You're making Nomad sound like "Cousin It", Shawn. I think we're going to need some sort of official statement here.

Official Statement: While the hair is indeed an extremely recognizable characteristic of the man named Nomad, the hair is not Nomad himself. Sorry for the confusion.

Dear Glenn & Hector,

I picked up NOMAD #17 and was truly impressed. I can't believe that Nomad and Bucky are now separated. They made the perfect duo, the perfect combination for an in-comparable story. I have never been so moved by a comic book.

Nick Farmer
3925-13
Mason Loop Road South
Tacoma, WA 98409

Moved, huh? So, is that your new address or old? Seriously, Nick, we all really appreciate your support of NOMAD.

Dear Glenn and Hector,

NOMAD #17 has won the Scott Ziemba Award for writing again. This issue had lots of great things in it (like one of my letters). Seeing Nomad in a suit is funny. Finding out when Epurer will collect on the favor will be something to look forward to. The Super Soldier Gun looks nasty, as does the family subplot. But the big news is that Bucky is gone. I will miss the little rugrat. As always, I'm looking forward to what happens next. Moo!

Scott Ziemba
1210 W. George
Chicago, IL 60657

It's always great to hear from the Moo-Man, himself. Thanks Scott. You do raise an interesting question, though. What, exactly is a rugrat? And if Bucky was one, does Jack need to be tested now for rabies?

Dear Nomad Crew.,

NOMAD is without a doubt one of the better comics I read. Your stories are fantastic! I, for one, really hate to see Bucky gone. It's true that Jack is in a lot of dangerous situations. But just pick up a newspaper and look at the massive amount of children being abused by they're parents. There is no truly "safe place" for anyone. Except, of course, being with someone who does love you enough to protect you. How would Bucky be safer without Jack? Look who she's with, now. Do we forget that Jack really does love Bucky? There are lots of single Dads out there who do a good job raising children, and I for one,hate to see Bucky go. I'm a mother of two and hope Bucky comes back. Again, thank you for the great stories.

Mary Morgan
St. Louis, MO

Well, Mary, only time will tell if Bucky will return to these pages. Meanwhile the Battle for Bucky's return continues...

Dear Glenn,

Fate is so cruel. I just can't believe it. What is this? Just what do you think you're doing? No more Bucky? Come on, what's the catch.

Wait, let me guess. Bucky's mom-ster realizes Bucky needs her Da-Da and gives her back. Or better, N-Boy and the Buck-ster's mom fall, like, in love. They get married and raise the little one, having time to still fight crime (only on weekends of course). Or maybe this is just a bad dream sequence. Or maybe Jack wakes up tomorrow...and we're all a little closer to accepting that Bucky's gone.

Jennifer Little
Solon Springs, WI

Well, Jennifer-ster, check out next issue for more startling developments in the Bucky saga! In the same issue, NOMAD takes on Shang Chi's old nemesis—Zaran, the Weapons Master!

Greetings once again from the Road!

I have some bad news, some good news, and some bad news.

The bad news is that I've lost my assistant, Hector Collazo. I've searched everywhere for him, but he's nowhere to be found!

Seriously, the good news is that Hector is pursuing an artistic career as a freelance inker. Currently, he is inking DAREDEVIL, and if you haven't checked out that title lately, you are sorely missing a treat! Fortunately, waiting eagerly in the wings to fill Hector's smelly shoes is none other than Scott Marshall. Scott is a recent graduate of DePauw University, and he's going to use the considerable amount of knowledge he gained there to make me appear more intelligent.

The bad news is that...well, sorry folks--NOMAD will be cancelled as of issue #25. Now, I realize that those of you who are still picking up this title will be extremely angered by this news. NOMAD has a solid, almost cult-like following among the comic book community. Unfortunately, that cult is not large enough to sustain a monthly title. Fabian and I have spoken at length about this, and we truly believe that Jack deserves a lot more time and research than Fabe's busy schedule allows for the character.

We had made a contingency plan for this by introducing NEIL HANSEN this issue, who would have assumed the writing duty. Neil is a "professional hitchhiker" who would have written Jack's adventures from the road. However, the death-knoll had already sounded, and the axe will fall in a few short months.

But don't give up hope! Keep sending in those cards and letters demanding Jack's return in some format or other. Perhaps NOMAD will wander again...somewhere down the road.

Wood shavings! Glenn